



Expectation Brings Joy !

“But joy comes in the morning (Psalm 30:5 NKJV).”

All the hype of the season as we approach Christmas seems to swallow up lasting joy. Explaining joy is difficult. It is more than being happy and more than being glad about some good news. It is more than we expect; it is a moment of enrapture and a feeling that keeps us longing for more. Lasting joy comes when we repent and confess our sins before God and turn to obey him. Prayer sustains us as we continually bow before God and offer ourselves to him. In presenting ourselves to him, a quite joy springs up within us and keeps us dependent on him.

We often muse about things past and present trying to find joy in the lives we have lived. The future is uncertain, but what is certain is that Christ has come and has promised to come again to fulfill the work of the cross. He will take us to himself and we will be under his reign. But it is difficult to think about the future because it hasn't happened yet and there are many uncertainties. We learn many things from the past about how to live life now. Remembering can bring joy and those memories of times gone by are about times where we discovered truth in our lives. We remember and celebrate the nativity of Christ in his coming to earth and taking on human flesh. What about remembering or recalling what is to happen in the future? Scripture has much to say about the reign of God over all things (1 Corinthians 15:22-28). As we remember what is to come, we hope for things that are not yet. In hoping and expecting we find joy. Disappointments come in this life, but we know that God's promises are sure for this life and the life to come. Expecting the return of Christ brings a joy that goes beyond words.

Being joyful calls others to attention. There must be some reason why we are able to overcome the hardships of life. The reason is in the risen and ascended Christ. The words of Martin Janus (1661) in the second verse of “Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring” capture the depth of the springs from which joy arises.

*Through the way where hope is guiding,
Hark, what peaceful music rings;
Where the flock, in Thee confiding,
Drink of joy from deathless springs.
Theirs is beauty's fairest pleasure;
Theirs is wisdom's holiest treasure.
Thou dost ever lead Thine own
In the love of joys unknown.*

O Come let us adore Him.